

MARVEL

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010

EWING
CASELLI
CAMAGNI
BLEE

X-MEN REBORN



At the Autumn Palace
Two forces met
To decide our fate.

For the soul of this world
The Storm stood fast
Against the Summer.

For the soul of this world
Their battle raged
The Fire and The Sky

Made grim war on this ground
The broken heart
Of our Broken Land.

*I was there, close enough
To feel their power
To know their resolve.*

*I tell you, I was there!
It shook the earth!
It shook certainties!*

*Were you there? I was there!
If you were there
You'd need no telling.*

The Earth and Sea waited
Holding their breath
For the coming end.

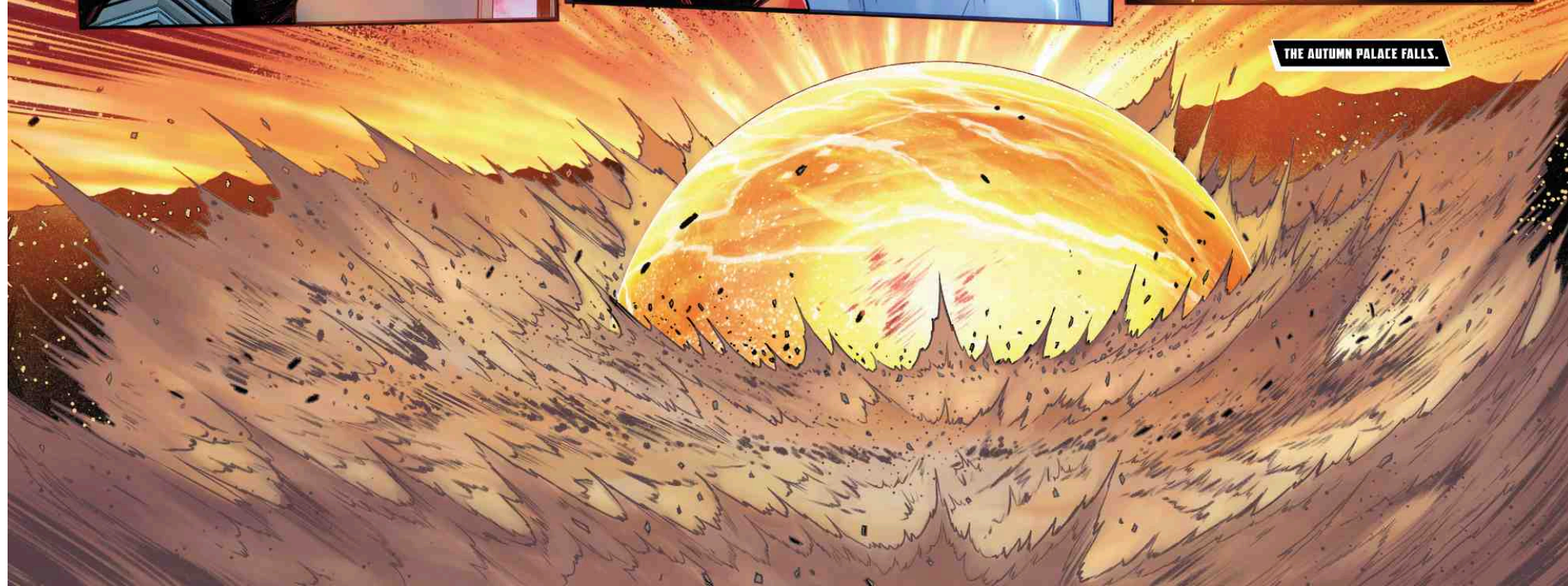
Which spirit would prevail?
When we emerged
Who would be victor?

At the Autumn Palace
Two forces met
To forge a New Age.

THE PLANET ARAKKO.



THE AUTUMN PALACE FALLS.





X-MEN RED

ENDGAME.

Vulcan never died -- at least, not in the Fault. After dying in the Circle Perilous, he has been resurrected for the first time -- but due to the schemes of Abigail Brand, he has been reset back to his "Emperor" personality. Vulcan has dreams of reclaiming his throne. It's happening now.

At the same time, Cable has gathered a team to investigate Brand's plans, bringing them to the World Farm of the Progenitors and mercenary Orbis Stellaris. Unfortunately for Stellaris, Cable brought the reality-folding Manifold on this mission -- but that doesn't mean that they're out of the fire just yet.



[CABLE]



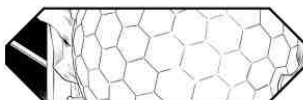
[ABIGAIL BRAND]



[THUNDERBIRD]



[MANIFOLD]



[ORBIS STELLARIS]



[KHORA OF THE BURNING HEART]



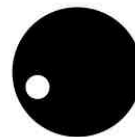
[WIZ-KID]



[WEAPONLESS ZSEN]



[VULCAN]



10

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THE WORLD FARM.

SUCH
BEAUTIFUL
POWER...

I WONDER,
MY FELLOWS--WOULD
OUR MASTER LIKE US TO
LET IT LOOSE FROM
ITS CAGE?

TO LET THE
SPEAKER-TO-SPACE
SPEAK BABEL--TURN THE
LANGUAGE OF THE STARS
AND WORLDS TO
GIBBERISH?

TO REDUCE
ALL SIGNAL TO
NOISE?

IF OUR
SUBLIME OVERLORD
DESIRES IT...

N-no.
Do not.
Please.

OH, BUT OF
COURSE, GREAT
STELLARIS.

YOU'RE
WHO WE
MEANT.

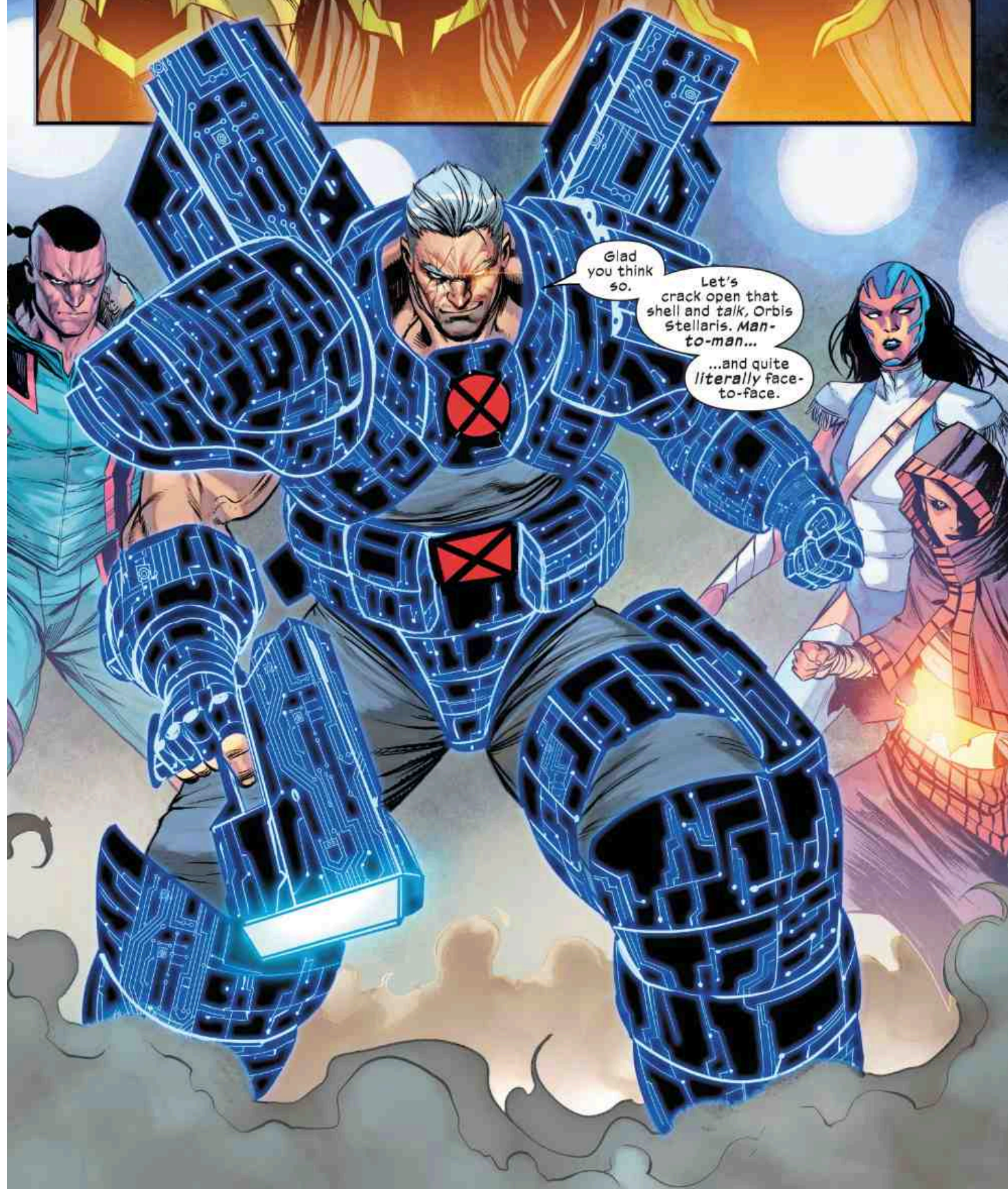
Anyone
else feel like the
wheels are coming
off the wagon
here?

I'm gonna
take the green one.
He's got two mouths,
I've got two fists--
the math checks
out.

Let's make
that Plan B,
John.

Khora?
Plan A.







And is that
your move, Ororo
Not-a-Queen? When
I bring the sun
to your door?

Not
falling
over?

Surviving,
little King.

It's what
I've done since
the day I was
born.



You are a
furnace--I am the
Arctic. You brandish
flame--I hold the
lightning.

We
are evenly
matched.



Are
we?

You were
too proud to die.
Too fearful. But the
Son of Summer has
visited that cold
country and
returned.



Reinvigorated
and restored--with
Hell's own fire
in my hand.

The Arctic
melts. The planet
burns. And I am that
burning, Ororo
Never-Died.

So in
the end...you
will fall.

**S.W.O.R.D. STATION TWO
THE KEEP.**

So, you found Storm, at least...

Vulcan found Storm, Mentallo. And it's where he found her. Where he was led. The Autumn Palace--HQ of the Brotherhood of Arakko.

But my scans told me Magneto's old house was empty.



And there's nothing wrong with the equipment--so the problem was me.

Not seeing what was right there.



Psychic whammy, huh? Sorry I didn't spot it, boss--

That's the thing. I've been trained in *psychic defense* on a dozen worlds.

I even took Charles Xavier's own personal psi-defense course--his "red triangle" protocol.



Well, uh, Xandra's pretty powerful, I hear...

Not powerful enough to get to me without me knowing--unless she was right up close. In this room.

And I've got my red triangle going now. If she was that close, I'd see her...



...unless she used a relay.

A fellow psi-talent--to carry her signal.

He wouldn't need much psi-power of his own either. He could be a complete loser.

Green Room--bodyslide by zero. Sidearm. Loaded.

Brand, c'mon-- just, just think about this--

Red triangle. You're locked out, Flumm. But I do see the funny side of this.

I took you in-- after all your A.I.M. shafus--because your loyalty goes to the highest bidder.

Brand--

And I honestly thought that was me. When Fury turned moonman, I got the key to the black budget.

So who's got more money than S.H.I.E.L.D., Marvin? Who hires from A.I.M.?

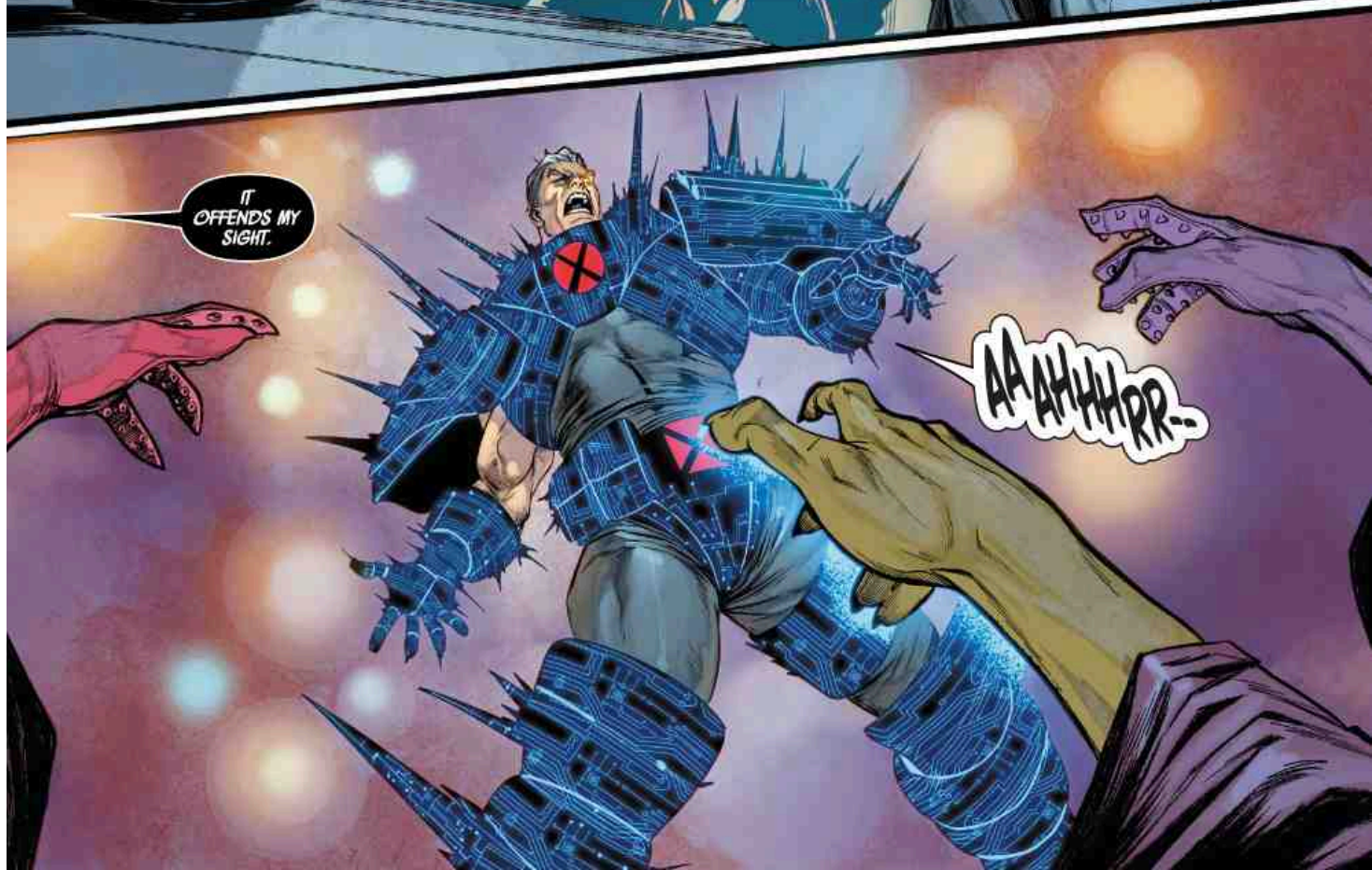
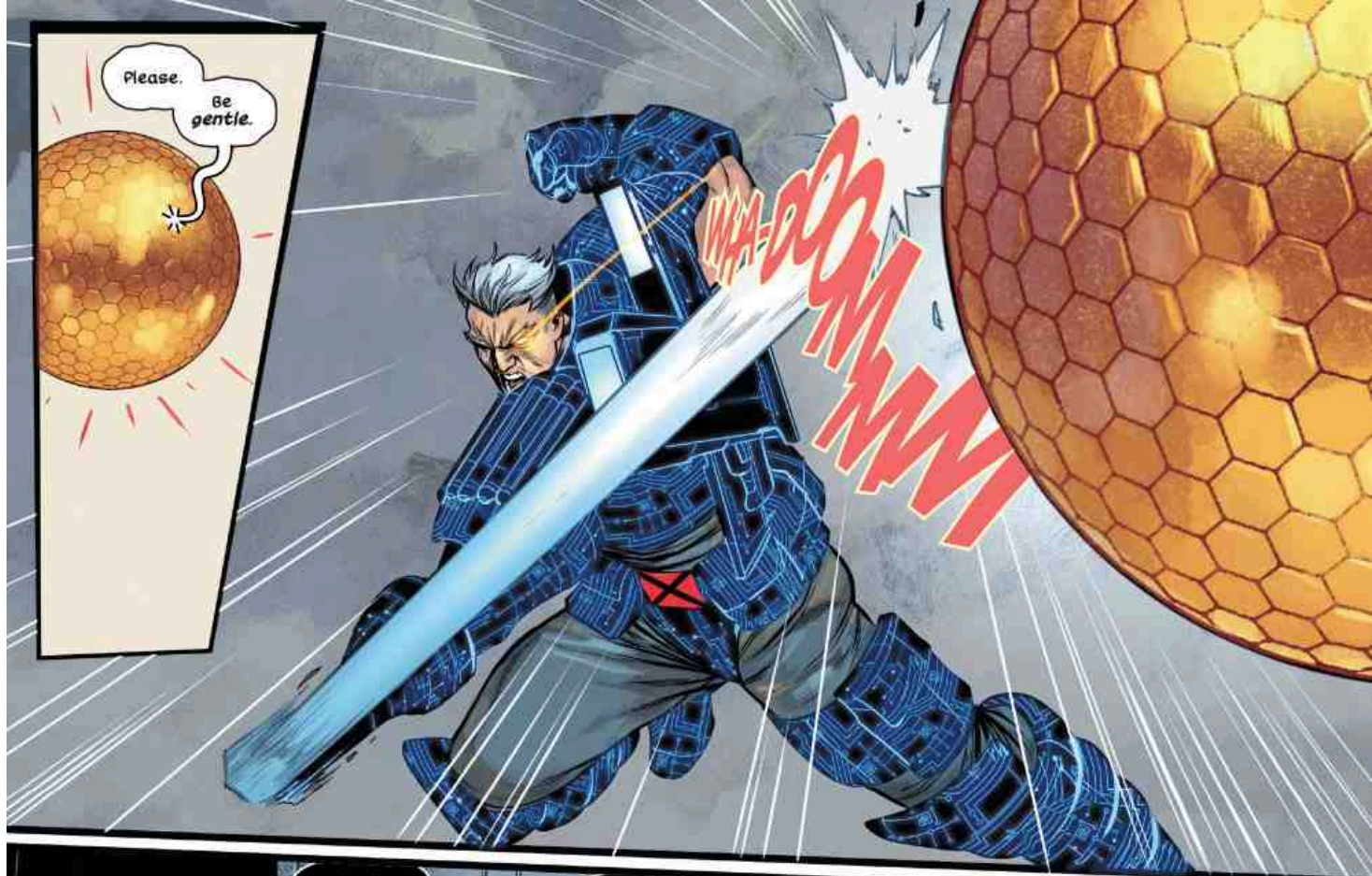
Do I even need to ask?

Or should I just play the Mission: Impossible theme right now--

Oof.

Cold burn, Brand.

Am I really that predictable?







How deadly? Where did you put them...?

Outside. All the way outside.

But I think that's where they might be from.

Well, we've got my T/O back--and any intel it gathered.

As well as what you saw, Zsen...



...though that intel looks redundant now.

Whenever you're ready, Eden--



"--take us home."

//END THREAT//

//END THREAT//



Oh, hey, Eden. Just me?

I'm dead on my feet, mate. I'm not carrying a whole spaceship.

Too bad...



"...but I guess I can always make another."

//THREAT//

//ENDED//

"For a moment there, I really thought I'd killed you..."

...your Majesty.

Many have, Commander. Yet here I am.

And I am currently in telepathic contact with **Nathan Summers**-- who has witnessed many things--

--all fully admissible as evidence, both under the Pan-Worlds Treaty and the Shi'ar's own law.

You flew too close to the sun, Commander Brand. And in so doing, you attempted to foment interstellar war--and conspired to remove me from my throne.

What say you in your defense?

As your forebears would have told the Skrulls and Kree--galactic peace makes for strong neighbors, and I'd rather have weak ones.

I've seen what happens when your home system can't compete.

I was there.

An old excuse. And one I'm sure you've rehearsed many times--to help you sleep at night.

You truly have nothing else to tell me...?

Only that I copied Kid Cable's tech the day we met.

Bodyslide--

NO--

SOMEWHERE VERY SECRET.

--by
one.

Pick
yourself up.
Dust yourself
off.

Start
all over
again--

Abigail
Thanriaguiaxus.

YOU?
How did
you--?

How do
you know my
name...?

Your grand
plans are dust,
Abigail Born-as-
Axus-Ended. The
road you walked
ends here.

You
are enemy
of Arakko--and
for our enemies,
there is only
destruction.

Destruction
of all that
you are.

And at the
end of that
road?

Is
what comes
next.



NOTHING!

You have nothing! I can see it, Ororo of the Storm! I see every move you make!

All your power is going to defense--controlling the inferno I summon to do my bidding.

But your snows are gone! The wind you ride is dry as dust! The sky is fire!

Where is your weather now?



There is none. I have stolen the sky.

No throne, no crown--how can you battle the Summer-son? The very King of Kings?

What do you have left?



...
The rope-a-dope.

Do it now.





You...you needed your team to fight me? Waiting in ambush? You needed help?

Are these the warriors of Arakko? I had respect for you...



We have learned-- and you have learned *nothing*. Even now, the only thing you respect is the empty hierarchy of power.

So be it. Show him our power, Lodus.

It will be my pleasure...



...to seat this king in his newest throne.

A mysterious throne fit tight and snug, measured for all time...

No!

NINGGAH!



Will it hold him?

The mystery will absorb his fire-- be strengthened by it, even. I think he could escape--but it would require a subtlety of approach.

I do not think he will.



But he remains an Omega--and one who grew stronger in death.

He may evolve again...



I...I am King...

...or he may not.



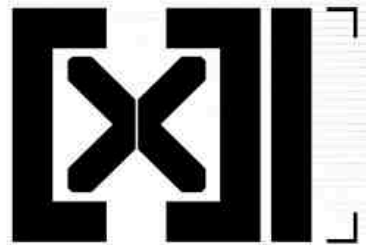
Then we must. Arakko is changing to meet new threats-- including his.

And if our new tactics are called "help" on our new world...let us embrace that word at last.



And help each other.

In the name of Brotherhood.



AFTER-ACTION REPORT :: NATHAN SUMMERS/CABLE

I'll admit -- I'm disappointed that Abigail Brand managed to escape, especially if she used my bodysliding technology to do it. It's not like we didn't know she had access to it or how to block it if need be.

(Private addendum for Roberto -- I was your Headmaster too, young man, and I'm pretty sure I taught you the parable of the scorpion and the frog. Come find me when you work out which you are this time.)

I'm glad Vulcan is safe in a stasis cell and that others are safe from him -- strange as it may sound, I'm loath to hand him over to the Shi'ar for trial; for all that he's done, he's my uncle. Luckily, they're going to have their hands full mollifying the Kree/Skrull Alliance -- Roberto's connections there smoothed his little stunt over, but relations are still on very thin ice. Something else for Storm to watch for, in her role as Voice of Sol -- and for S.W.O.R.D., of course.

Wiz-Kid is taking over as Station Commander, with me retaining my role as Security Chief -- the Agent of S.W.O.R.D., if you will. Taki's got what it takes, and I'm happier in the field. Manifold, Frenzy and Random are happy to work under the new management too -- even Khora was interested in a role as our Arakkii liaison. Mentallo quit to go spend some of the money Roberto paid him, but I'm sure we'll see him again.

And John Proudstar told me to go ████ myself and that any time I wanted, he'd pull my head off and shove it so far up my ████ that it'd pop right back out of my pencil neck. So clearly the ol' Summers charm is winning him over. He won't resist these cookies I'm baking for him.

Who does that leave? Weaponless Zsen.

She's not coming back to Arakko -- whatever business remains between her and the rest of her family, working with Khora didn't resolve it. I gave her Blackjack's number and wished her the best -- after she'd done what I hired her to do.

Her gift is to paint the truth. She never saw how that could be a weapon, and maybe in a strict combat setting it wouldn't be -- but as a tool for gathering intelligence, it has definite possibilities. Telepathy, X-ray vision, radar sense -- all these things can be blocked or shielded from. How do you block the truth of who you are?

I asked her to paint Orbis Stellaris.

The results were...troubling. The image file is attached to this report, so you can see for yourself -- but certain things jumped out. For one, there's an old-world quality to the setting. Edwardian or Victorian. Polished brass telescopes... a bullet in the moon's eye before cinema even was... Cavorite and heat rays... He was sickly, thin as a grey alien... I'm rambling. This is what it is to see Zsen's art.

And there are the playing cards. Scattered everywhere in the scene, in every place you look. Seemingly haphazard but forming an intricate pattern. And all the same card...

A black ace.



Open.



Open,
damn you!

Emergency
override! Open
housing!



Good.
Good.

Progenitors--
this is your overlord.
Prepare a new *Orbis
Stellaris* shell.



This ancient
body won't last out
the day without proper
medical support...and
I refuse to die.

I simply
have too much to
do. The mutants of
Earth have requested
my undying enmity--my
vengeance in full
measure--

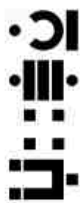


--and Nathan
Essex is happy
to deliver.

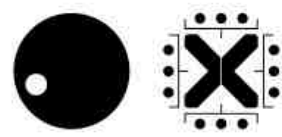
*In
spades.*

TO BE CONTINUED!

[x-men_red_[0.10]
[x-men_red_[0.10]



NEXT



"Sins of Sinister"

1

ISSUE:

MARAUDERS #10

X-FORCE #36

➤ X-MEN RED #10

LEGION OF X #9

WOLVERINE #29

X-MEN #18

DARK WEB: X-MEN #3

DEADPOOL #3

IMMORTAL X-MEN #10

SABRETOOTH & THE EXILES #3

SINS OF SINISTER #1

[kra_[0.0]...]
[koa_[0.0]...]

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